

father, hoping never to part from him again, to present her saviour to him, and to beg for his consent to their union and his blessing on it, Jenny would never see him more !

Her distress was great. In vain her aunt lavished on her words of consolation ; in vain Fritz sorrowed with her. The blow was too cruel. She had never even thought of the possibility that her father might be dead.

A few days later, in a conversation broken by tears and regrets, Jenny said to him:

" Fritz, dear Fritz, we have just experienced the bitterest of misfortunes, you and I. If you have not changed your mind at all "

" Oh, Jenny, my darling ! " Fritz exclaimed.

" Yes, I know," said Jenny, " and my father would have been happy to call you his son, I am sure he would have wanted to go with us and share our life in the new English colony. But I must give up that happiness. I am alone in the world now, and have only myself to depend upon ! Alone ?

No, no ! You are there, Fritz."

" Jenny," said the young man, " the whole of my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

" And mine to yours, Fritz dear ! But

since my
father is no longer here to give us his
consent, since
I have no near relations living, and since
yours is the
only family I can call my own "
-•You have belonged to it three years
already,